

# Billy Sunday Waxes Enthusiastic Over Passage of the Suffrage Amendment

## MINISTERS HERE PREACH NONSENSE, BILLY DECLARES

Billy Sunday flayed the devil force and aft with all the weapons at his command at the tabernacle this afternoon.

The sermon dealt mainly with the thoughtlessness of men in expecting the Holy Spirit to enter a soul filled with filth.

Billy entered the tabernacle at 2 o'clock.

His sermon follows:

In the Second Chronicles, the twenty-sixth chapter, twenty-seventh verse—"When the burnt offering began, the song of the Lord began also."

Dedicated to Worship.

The temple is a building which is dedicated to the worship of the Deity. They worshipped in that temple just as your property belongs to you, through a deed which you have safely tucked away in some safety deposit box. The ancient cities had their temples; there was the temple of Diana of the Ephesians. They say that this mythological huntress entered the water one morning for her accustomed bath, when suddenly Actaeon appeared upon the scene, and her maid attempted to screen her from his vision. Failing to do this, as he came near, she splashed water in his face and said:

"Go tell, if you can, that you saw Diana of the Ephesians bathe," and they tell us in mythology that long centuries started to grow from his head like the horns of a deer, and his arms lengthened until they touched the ground and his hands and feet assumed the form and shape of hoofs. His body became covered with long hair like a deer. He maintained the power of thought, but the only way he could express himself was by bleating. He had been robbed of the power of speech and his dogs caught the scent of a deer and when he attempted to tell them who he was he bleated, but that only intensified their anger and they chased him over the hills and through the valleys. At last they caught him and tore him to shreds. Thus originated the temple of Diana of the Ephesians.

No Song for 16 Years.

For sixteen years there was no song in Israel. For sixteen years Adam—don't forget it—had the people at the hot end of the poker. Sixteen years that dirty reprobate had sat on the throne and ruled! Sixteen years! And during that time there was no song in the temple. That must have been a great loss, for the people were accustomed to sing from the time of the creation when the morning stars sang together and the sons and daughters of God shouted for joy.

Then, my friends, on the march to the Red Sea, where Miriam, the sister of Moses, and Aaron led the hosts of Israel in the songs of triumph! Then at the birth of Jesus when the angels sang and the shepherds sang on the peaceful hills of Judea! Oh—"There is born this day in the city of David a Saviour who is Christ the Lord."

Christ and You the Pivots.

Christ and yourselves are the pivots upon which turn every act of your life. You do it to please yourself or you do it to please Jesus Christ. Whatever you do to please yourselves the recording angel don't write down. There is no record of it there. No! Then, again, the blessed trend of life! Do you lean toward the world or toward the church? Which do you? I used to play baseball—play it yet—and a man can take a ball in his hand like this and pitch it and it spins around like this, and when he does this, he can tell if he gives it the bias or the trend; when it leaves his hand he can tell whether it will curve down or up, or come down slow, or whether it is a splitter. He is the fellow that gives the whole bias or the trend to it, and he can tell all about it.

Blamed Preachers Most.

I don't blame the people as much as I do the preachers, for not preaching the truth. There are a lot of people here preaching the biggest lot of tommyrot and nonsense that ever went abroad. They are standing in orthodox pulpits, too.

Then the inner part of the house are the officers, the deacons, elders, stewards, credential committee, or vestrymen, Sunday school teachers and officers—the inner part of the house of the Lord.

Be clean! Be clean, ye that bear the vessels of the house of the Lord! Many of them today are not in any position to carry the vessels of God and stand in official positions in the church. God pity any whose life isn't right who is trying to touch the hand of the Lord and then the church withholds her power that power being sapped by the worldliness, by the indifference and by the apathy and the formality and the ritualisms we have formed into!

## TAKE A "CASCARE" TONIGHT AND SEE!

Spend a Dime! Live Your Liver and Bowels and Feel Fine.

Enjoy life! Your system is filled with an accumulation of bile and

bowel poison which keeps you bilious, headachy, dizzy, tongue coated, breath bad and stomach sour. Why don't you get a 10-cent box of Cascarets at the drug store and feel better. Take Cascarets tonight and enjoy the nicest, gentlest, liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced. You'll wake up with a clear head, clean tongue, lively step, rosy skin and looking and feeling fine. Mothers can give a whole Cascarets to a sick, cross, bilious, feverish child any time—they are harmless—never gripe or sicken.

## Billy Sunday in What the Sporting Editor Calls "Fighting Pictures"



### Things Billy Is "For"

I am for higher pay for Government clerks—and Congress, too.

I am for better breeding and better rearing of children—more money is spent fattening hogs than for rearing children, in this country.

I am for that stunt about giving us an hour's more daylight. Turn the clock backward.

I am for driving out of existence the Kultur that has drowned the world in blood. Hang the Kaiser.

And I am for God, good, and Christianity in the home. I believe in personal work.

"Come on and fight," says Billy, when Devil tries to tin can and loaf after a hard blow.

### Billy On High Rents

The rent boosters are doing all in their power to pick the pockets of clerks and others who come to Washington to help the Government in its great work of winning the war.

If you can excuse the attitude of such people you've got me beat.

Washington has any city in the country topped when it comes to the high cost of living. It's got any town I've ever been in skinned forty ways.

It's entirely beyond me how some clerks in the employ of the Government squeeze through with the cost of living the way it is. And another thing I can't figure out is why some people in Washington can't get out and help along others who come here to help Uncle Sam win the war instead of picking out of their pockets what little they've got.

Rooms that rented a short time ago for \$10 a month now bring \$40. And there's no more heat or light thrown into the bargain than there ever was—it's got my goat, that's all.

There is no difference between people who rob the defenseless and the highwayman with his gun.

Getting ready to land a left hand haymaker on Old Devil.

## 'BIG STUFF,' SAYS BILLY SUNDAY OF SUFFRAGE VICTORY

(Continued from First Page.)

that he is preaching to everybody, every day twice each week. I understand that there has been some misunderstanding about these "tickets" you hear about. They're only for reserved section and seats on the platform—for ministers, personal workers, and gentlemen of the press.

"The entire floor of the tabernacle is free to the public. Promptly at noon Billy came downstairs, dressed in his blue plush bath robe, opened the door to the dining room, looked inside, and expressed surprise that luncheon was not ready. He sauntered to the front room with his hands in the pockets of his bathrobe, and talked, for some time with the policeman detailed as his bodyguard during his stay in Washington. The officer, who is a veteran of the force, well up in his fifties and who was for years one of the White House guards, talked of his reminiscences of Washington thirty and forty years ago.

Billy told him a story he had heard about the location of Washington, while Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton played politics in the solons of the present time often do.

"Jefferson wanted the city laid out on the banks of the Potomac, and Hamilton wanted the Government to reimburse the thirteen States for their part in the revolution. The two men were political enemies, and when the final vote in Congress was counted, each lacked three votes necessary for the passage of their schemes.

"The two leaders chancing to meet, Jefferson proposed to Hamilton that they trade votes each controlled necessary to the passage of the other's bill. 'Thus was the city of Washington laid out on the Potomac.' After luncheon Billy ordered his machine ready at 1:30, and went upstairs to shave and dress for the afternoon service.

## "BILLY WINS," SAYS THE TIMES SPORTING EDITOR, "BECAUSE HE HAS THE HEART AND THE WALLOP"

The sporting editor of The Times was among those at the ringside in the Billy Sunday Tabernacle last night and here is how the evangelist appeared to the writer of sporting news, told in the language familiar to readers of his columns.

By LOUIS A. DOUGHER.

Billy Sunday, the Davenport, Iowa, janitor, is a regular fighter. Built on the slender lines of "Shadow" Ahearn, when the latter was a lightweight, and known as the "Fighting Ghost," the Iowan is another Johnny Dundee, New York's great little lightweight.

Sunday uses the same style of leaping, jumping, erratic attack, swinging from all angles, ever boring in for more punishment, ducking, dodging, and side-stepping, and bouncing off the ropes on one side across the ring to the other.

His footwork is brilliant. Sunday's style earned him a decision over O. The Devil, of Hell, in fifteen rounds at the Tabernacle, Union Station Plaza, last night before one of the largest crowds of fight fans ever seen in Washington. There was hardly a dissenting voice when the decision was announced that Sunday had beaten Devil.

Showed the Strain.

The Davenport slugger showed the strain of his recent hard fighting campaign, but that didn't slow up his attack much. Through the first few rounds he was cautious, contenting himself with jabs to Devil's nose, but as the bout progressed, he began swinging with both hands, and Devil was in a heap of trouble when the final bell sounded, sending the fans out into the cold wind.

Washington fans had heard much of Billy Sunday's powerful swing. It had been compared with Frank Moran's famous "Mary Ann," which was expected to prove so deadly for Jess Willard—and wasn't.

They failed to anticipate over the swing in last night's bout.

It was the leaping, jumping left jab, followed almost invariably by a heavy right uppercut to the face and head, that had them on their feet and Devil sparring for wind.

Devil outweighed Sunday. He had the longer reach, the greater ring experience, and a more successful career behind him. But these availed him little in the face of the Iowan's aggressiveness.

Devil a Clever Boy.

Devil was far from outclassed, though, in the milling. His ring experience stood him in good stead. His blocking was good, time and again tying up Sunday and forcing him to clinch. But then Sunday's rugged strength enabled him to break the clinch and start his whirling offensive once more.

"I want another chance at Sunday," said Devil in his dressing room after the bout. "Yes, he's a good boy, but I've met thousands of good boys. He sure does pack a wallop in both mits, take it from old Mr. Devil. But I want another chance at him."

"Any time, any place, anywhere," was Sunday's reply to Devil's statement. "Yes, and he can promote the fight himself, like Jess Willard's proposal to Fred Fulton."

Old Homer Rodcheaver, who acts as principal second to Sunday in the ring, and then donates as an announcer, has been commissioned to arrange for a return bout.

"Some fight, some fight," said a Camp Meigs lad, as he slowly worked his way out to the door. "Gee, that Sunday guy sure can swing."

The Old One-Two Stuff.

"Get off your feet," chimed in his friend. "It wasn't the swing. It was the old one-two stuff, bing, left and right, with that right uppercut landing all the time. That's what give him the fight, not that swing."

"Like to see them boys going forty-five rounds," remarked an ancient fight fan, as he stood waiting for a car outside. "Say, guess that wouldn't be rich. Sunday would win a distance battle, take it from me. Why? Because he has the heart, that's why. You can't beat a man with a fighting heart. You have to kill him."

Devil, with his seconds, "Kid" Gambling and "Old King" Roose, was the first in the ring, sporting a red bathrobe. He leered at the big crowd and growled when his gloves were examined.

Sunday slipped into the ring almost unnoticed. At Peterson, his giant rubber, and Bob Matthews attended him, and it was not until Announcer Rodcheaver was ready to introduce the battlers that the Davenport man was seen.

Fifteen Rounds at Catch Weights.

"I introduce to you, ladies and gentlemen," cried Roddy, "in this corner O. The Devil, Hell's greatest fighter, who has more victories in his record book than any other fighter in history. And in this corner, Billy Sunday, of Davenport, Iowa. They will go fifteen rounds at catch weights."

For three rounds the bout was tame. Then the Iowan got warmed. The sight of a drunk being pinched, while the man who sold him the stuff went free, got him started. Bing, bing, he was now going in good style. Old Devil soon found himself backing up before Sunday's furious onrush. All Devil's experience was needed as Sunday tore into him.

"Three-fourths of all the ruined girls in this country trace their

downfall to the dance halls." Woof, woof: that was a pile-driver to the wind, all right, all right. Devil fell into a clinch.

He Taps the Claret.

"O, I believe in good blood, bad blood, proud blood, humble blood, honest blood, thieving blood, heroic blood, cowardly blood, infidel blood, Christian blood, drinking blood, sober blood, licentious blood, virtuous blood"—and Devil's nose was leaking.

"Parental neglect is one of the principal causes for the failure of boys." Sunday was now bouncing off the ropes, swinging both hands.

"If you parents don't correct your boy, the State will—behind the bars."

"Whenever you find a boy absorbing enough fine-cut to fill a two-story cuspidor, lying enough to make old Ananias look like a chrome of truth crushed to earth, hanging his hat over one ear, hitting the cigarettes and the booze, calling his father the 'Old Man,' you'll find some cheap skate of a sport has called upon him to assert his independence of his mother's apron strings." Bam; that was right in the bread basket.

That Nasty Night.

"The father who crawls into the hay at 8 o'clock and allows his son to give the cops a merry chase until the cock crows, will need a foot-swinging fire ladder to get a peek into Hell." That was a crushing right section to the point of the jaw. Old Devil shivered under the attack.

"I would rather a hundred times be tied to my mother's apron strings than to be hooked up to an appetite for 60-cent booze and a consuming desire to steal the next jackpot on a pair of fours." Old Devil shook under that uppercut. It landed on his sore nose, bringing more blood.

"Uncontrolled at six, outlaws at sixteen." That was a neat jab. "How did she raise such noble sons? I did it with prayer and a good hickory switch," was her reply. That brought gasps from the fans. It went home.

Devil Gets Hit at Last.

"You will never save Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, or any other city in intemperance, degradation and ruin, when you run a harpoon into your own homes and keep wine and champagne on the sideboard." That wallop went over after some clever infighting. Devil stopping uppercut after uppercut before opening up to take that swing on the lamp.

And when Sunday told of that wonderful funeral, with the President, the Vice President, the Supreme Court, the Senators, the House of Representatives and the populace of this mighty city gathered to do reverence to the procession on Pennsylvania avenue of all the mortal remains of John Howard Payne, who had written "Hoffie, Sweet Home," O the Devil, of Hell, admitted his defeat. That sinker in the fifteenth settled beyond a shadow of a doubt just where the decision was going.

It went to the fighter with the heart and the wallop.

## LONDON FIRM SCORNS PATRONAGE OF GERMANS

LONDON, Jan. 11.—A firm at Dews bury received a postcard from a German in a prison camp asking for price and patterns of flannels, silks, and satins suitable for pajamas. The firm in reply sent him a copy of the following "solemn oath," which they have sworn:

"To mark our horror and disgust at the methods of Germany since July, 1914, we swear that we will not knowingly purchase anything made in Germany; (b) transact business with or through a German for five years after peace is declared. So help us God."

## SAYS SHE'D RATHER BE WIFE OF BILLY THAN 'FIRST LADY'

Ma Sunday today told The Times how it seems to be the wife of the world's most famous evangelist.

"I would rather be the wife of Mr. Sunday than the wife of the President of the United States," said Mrs. Sunday. She said it comes perfectly natural to her to be his wife, considering that they have been married thirty years.

"You know Mr. Sunday didn't reach his position all of a sudden," she said. "I think it's a privilege to share in Mr. Sunday's evangelistic work. I just love it, and I never get tired of it."

G. W. U. STUDENTS MAY HIT THE TRAIL TONIGHT

The student body of George Washington University will have special seats at the "students' night" service at the Billy Sunday tabernacle this evening. It is estimated that between 200 and 500 students of the nine departments of the university will attend.

Members of the Girls' Glee Club will attend in a body, and will augment the big choir in the singing of the Billy Sunday hymns.

A special request will be made of Billy to extend an invitation to the students to hit the trail, as leaders of the Women's University Club have been informed that many of the students are eager to walk up the sawdust trail and cheap Billy's hand.

## HOUSE SHORTHAND MAN GOT EVERY WORD BILLY SAID

Fred Ireland, dean of the corps of the House stenographers, received this morning the following message from Billy Sunday:

"Dear Ireland: "I wish to compliment you and the reporters of the House of Representatives on the perfect report you made of the prayer I delivered in the House January 10, 1918. It is the first absolutely accurate report I can ever remember being made, and I know you have to 'go some.' Good luck to you. Your friend, "W. A. SUNDAY."

Unconquered by Billy Sunday's machine gun style of delivery, the corps of stenographers of the House of Representatives today retains its record of reporting correctly every speaker who talks from its floor.

There were 619 words in the prayer with which the rapid-fire evangelist opened yesterday's session of the House. He prayed for two and one-half minutes, which is at the rate of slightly over 247 words per minute. Yet not a single word was missed by the House stenographer, who took down the words in shorthand as they rushed from Billy's lips.

"John B. Cremer reported Mr. Sunday's prayer," said Fred Ireland, dean of the House stenographic corps today. "I went over his 'copy' myself to verify it and there was not a single word missing."

"Mr. Sunday is a fast talker, but he is not the most rapid speaker to talk from the floor of the House in my experience here, which covers twenty-seven years. Taking them all as they come, the House corps can report the speeches as fast as they can make them."

"The worst man to report in my experience was Henry U. Johnson, of Indiana. He used to talk at the rate of 230 words a minute, and keep it up for hours. And he spoke frequently, too."

Metz Set Record. "The greatest speed that I recall was attained by Congressman Metz, of New York. He delivered 250 words a minute, but his speeches were rarely over five minutes in length, and he did not speak often."

"The average rate of the House is about 150 words a minute, which means that the speeches will vary from 100 up to 325 words a minute. And, of course, the rate of a given man's delivery will vary with the intensity of his thought."

"President Wilson talks at about 115 words a minute. His enunciation is clear and his delivery steady. Speaker Clark is a deliberate talker, as was the late Speaker Reed."

The organization of the stenographic corps of the Congress of the United States has been the most legislative bodies all over the world, Mr. Ireland said. But, while the House of Commons, which has twelve men, and the French Chamber of Deputies twenty-four, the "use gets along with six stenographers. Each man at the Capitol takes a turn of 1,500 words."

WANT OLDER LECTURERS.

NEW YORK, Jan. 11.—After this they will have to invite gray haired and bearded lecturers to expound the intricacies of citizenship to the newly enfranchised women, for several of those attending the second lesson in the course objected to the youthfulness of Prof. Benjamin Kendrick, of Columbia University.



## Military Officer's Equipment

1 Overcoat (30 oz. Melton)	\$48.75
1 Uniform (18 oz. Worsted)	42.75
1 Uniform (Khaki)	16.50
1 Service Hat	2.00
1 Cap (Serge Cover)	2.75
1 Cap Cover	1.25
2 Wool O. D. Shirts	3.50
1 White Shirts	2.50
1 Hat Cord	1.00
6 Military Stocks	1.50
12 Military Collars	1.50
1 Field Locker	8.75
1 Leather Puttee	6.75
1 Spiral Puttee	4.50
1 Suspenders	6.00
Total	\$156.00

This Equipment Bought Complete \$175.00

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## Millions Use It For Colds

Because "Pape's Cold Compound" relieves cold or gripe misery in a few hours—Really wonderful!

Don't stay stuffed up! Quit blowing and snuffling! A dose of "Pape's Cold Compound" taken every two hours until three doses are taken will end gripe misery and break up a severe cold either in the head, chest, body or limbs. It promptly opens clogged-up nostrils and air passages; stops nasty

discharge or nose running; relieves sick headache, dizziness, feverishness, sore throat, sneezing, soreness, and stiffness. "Pape's Cold Compound" is the quickest, surest relief known and costs only a few cents at drug stores. It acts without assistance, tastes nice and causes no inconvenience. Don't accept a substitute. Insist on "Pape's"—nothing else.